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THE KOREA MISSION FIELD



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SEE PAGE 119.

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THE KOREA MISSION FIELD

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EDITORIAL.

SPIRAL REVIVAL.

II.

As God's model for the Christian Church is that in the Acts of the Apostles so likewise the revival which produced it must be believed to be a revival according to the will of God. The method of revival in the Acts is not circular but spiral. Circular progression brings us never above the level of the initial point of departure, whereas spiral progression brings us ever above the point of departure and steadily to higher levels.

The first people revived on the day of Pentecost were Christ's Apostles and other disciples associated with them numbering about one hundred and twenty. A revival of the Christian religion in the hearts and minds of these people was an absolute necessity to its survival in the world. Though the Apostles had associated with the Master for three years, had listened to His teachings, had beheld His miracles and had affirmed His messiahship,—“Thou art the Christ the Son of the living God,” nevertheless their conception of Christ's character, mission and teachings was so infantile in quality and scope that to commit the cause of Christ into their hands was to foredoom it to utter failure. These people needed to be changed by such an infilling of the life of Jesus Christ in the Holy Spirit as should make them “mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds.” Christ perfectly understood this and explained that He was going to leave them that the Father's promised gift, the Holy Spirit, might be theirs and He commanded them not to depart from Jerusalem until thus endued with power from on high. They obeyed Christ's command and on the day of the Harvest Festival, accompanied by the sound as of a rushing mighty wind and the vision of tongues as of fire parting assunder which sat upon each of them, they were all filled with the Holy Ghost and became forthwith mighty messengers of Almighty God. Thus a single turn of the spiral and lo wondrous uplift!

The second class to receive blessing in this great revival in the Acts was the sojourner people; Jews and proselytes from every nation under heaven who had come up to keep the feast. These pilgrims sometimes numbered a million souls and were probably the most truly religious people of all the Jews and the most responsive to new light. These would naturally come next, for grace runs along the line of least resistance. These sojourners had an ear to hear the “sound as of a rushing mighty wind” and came running together to this summons of God. Observing the conduct of the Apostles they declared them to

be intoxicated, and they were, but not with wine, as was supposed, but with God. Peter forthwith proceeded to explain to this the finest congregation that had ever confronted a preacher, how the prophecies of Joel and of David had found their fulfilment in Jesus of Nazareth, "a man approved of God among you with miracles and wonders and signs—whom ye have taken and by wicked hands have crucified and slain Whom God hath raised up—whereof we all are witnesses.—He being exalted and having received of the Father the promise of the Holy Ghost hath shed forth this which ye now see and hear." Pricked in the heart by the message, they asked "What shall we do?" Then Peter said unto them "Repent and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost;" shall like us, also become God intoxicated men. This word was gladly welcomed by three thousand souls who that day were added to the Lord. What marvellous progress and uplift through a second turn of the revival spiral.

Up to this point, revival with us to-day and with the Church of "The Acts" are very similar but from now on they are unlike. With us such revival is finished while with them it was only begun. Our aim is to hold what we have gained, theirs to advance to higher ground, ceaselessly. We start on our circular treadmill, indifferent even as to direction, movement being our aim; and after much labor realize that we are as cold and indifferent as ever and must have another revival or perish. So, when we ought to have become teachers we turn to learn again what are the first principles of the doctrine of Christ, "repentance toward God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ," remaining always children, if indeed we keep alive, through this circular, periodical-wind-up process of revival!

The spiral method of "The Acts" insured incessant upward progression! If three thousand had joined the church they could alone be kept alive by the processes of growth! So we read "They continued steadfastly in the Apostles' *teaching*." This teaching was *all* of the New Testament then available, therefore they steadfastly listened devouring and assimilating the truth for their very lives. "They continued steadfastly in the Apostles' *fellowship*." Truth to live must be incarnated. Fellowship is a sweet word. At least two Christians must fellowship to make the Church possible. "If two of you shall agree," which means be "symphonized," be tunelessly accordant—"ye shall ask what ye will and it shall be done." But this vital symphony is possible alone in Christ and hence we read "They continued steadfastly *in breaking of bread*," *i. e.* in the service of the Lord's Supper, thus claiming and securing the real presence of the Master, their Head, Who enabled them to "continue steadfastly *in prayers*" until they truly, because accordantly, prayed "Our Father—Thy Kingdom come Thy will be done," whereat they suddenly stood in the presence of "The Most High" and as was natural "fear fell upon every soul." Now, God in gracious ways, undertakes for all, and on a stupendous scale, for through the Apostles many signs and wonders were done.

GIFTS.

Long years ago, I planned a treasure chest,—
 Brocades and amber, brasses bright as gold,
 Ready their curious richness to unfold
 When I should bring my Mother all the best

That I had gathered for her. But the dream,
 Mid frugal cares, fast faded. Then I planned.
 In ripened strength by her old age to stand,
 My lifelong debt for tender care redeem—

But now, all worn and weak and sick and spent,
 Homeward, with empty hands, I take my way;
 And yet two radiant gifts unseen I bear,—
 A joy that brightens unto perfect day,
 A heart at peace ;—and Mother, well content,
 Will wear the glory of her answered prayer.

S. B. D.

ABSENT MEMBERS.

This letter is to be read when you meet for the evening with the absent members. You will surely be aware of our unseen presences that night, buzzing around the room, answering the rollcall, and fidgeting about in our chairs when we hear the remarks you will make about us. First, will you please change my address in your absent member list from Mokpo to Kwangju, Korea. You may think this an unimportant detail, but it is vital to me as Mokpo is sixty long Korean miles further on, and that many miles further from you. When you think of me I want your thoughts to hit exactly where I am and not go wandering about in this unfamiliar land.

This is Monday and I am going to tell you what I did Sunday. After breakfast I went into the kitchen and strictly censored the things that went into my lunch basket. I spend the whole of this day in U Wha Choan, a village three miles away. The filling of the water bottle is most important, for germs a thousand years old are as thick as airships out here (airships in America, they aren't thick out here).

Of course you want to know what missionaries eat. There were two pieces of chicken, two rolls, two pickles and two apples in that basket after it was packed. The water looks exactly like water in America for the germs are quite invisible.

When I reached the little prayer room where we hold the "heathen Sunday schools" and prayermeetings, I found Chungsey had already gathered about twenty of the children to greet me. Work in this village has been very hard indeed, as we have had to face organized opposition among the parents. But Chungsey's faith and zeal are overcoming this opposition, and we have made a real beginning in this dark corner.

I think I shall never become accustomed to the semi-sacrilege of

being called a "Jesus person," for that is the way the children greet you in a non-Christian community.

I have always bumped my hat upon the low door of these homes as I have entered, and this time I put copious dents in the top of a brand-new second hand hat that my sister had just sent me. But you don't mind things like this when you face twenty pairs of bright eyes and twenty welcoming voices. Chungsey is the wife of a respectable heathen, as heathen go in Korea, who threw her away ten years ago because she had no children. He took unto himself a younger wife, setting up another domestic "hot spot" (Korean for hearth) in a distant village. He cherishes the remnants of a forlorn love for Chungsey, and recently sent her a smooth ready-made coffin, as a mark of his well worn affection. A coffin is quite an acceptable present in Korea, for after one has lived a lifetime in a mud hut, it is a pleasing reflection that all that is left of one hereafter will rest in a nice, clean, sweet smelling pine box.

Chungsey's coffin is my chair in this little room, and from it I teach the children. We sang that day "Jesus Loves me This I Know," "When He Cometh," and "The light of the World is Jesus," to the tunes familiar to you. It is surprising how Koreans pick up these tunes and how they appreciate my voice. They chant the catechism with the fervor formerly given to the precepts of Confucius, and the heart of the teacher swells at the thought of putting these truths of God's word into minds that can never forget them. We all knelt in prayer and then the Bible lesson was taught.

After the Sunday School was sent to its homes and luncheon was eaten Chungsey and I went forth into the village to visit the women. "How old are you?" they always ask. "It isn't known this side of the Pacific" I answer. "How many sons have you?" is their next question. "My sons are all one daughter who is in America," I answer. "Has your husband any other wife?" "Not yet," I reply promptly. "Now listen while I tell you about the Lord Jesus Christ who gave His life for you. You say your mind is dark and you cannot understand these words? God's only Son is the Light of the World and he can open your dark mind. If all of these grandchildren of yours will gather about me I'll teach them a prayer song that will help you understand these words." Then we commit the words of the song

"Savior, Savior hear my humble cry,
While on others thou art calling
Do not pass me by."

After hearing the tune a few times the children sing with me, and before I leave the words are ringing in their ears and in their hearts too.

I'm having the time of my life threading these dark narrow streets and visiting in these Korean homes and not the biggest, softest purring, most cylindereed automobile in the world could have half the fascination for me that this work has.

Your Faraway Member from Korea,

Kwangju, Korea, 1917.

LOIS HAWKS SWINEHART.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF AN ITINERATOR IN KOREA. III.

Still keeping the shadows for home consumption, I shall try to share with you the one big bright spot of the season's roundup.

I struck it at the Hullie Church near Riri. The ground was frozen hard, the snow was deep, and a biting wind was blowing, but the ardor of the congregation was not perceptibly cooled. From 1:30 to 11:30 p.m., with only time off for supper, the applicants for Baptism and the Catechumenate were passed upon as expeditiously as possible. When the examinations were concluded Sunday afternoon, 25 had been received for Baptism and 27 for the Catechumenate. Sunday morning dawned cold and bleak. The little straw roofed mud walled house, the Bethel of that community where four Buddhist temples are being built, was filled by 280 people almost to the bursting point.

The missionary's visits are so rare that there was much to be done that morning. The program included the election of an elder and three temporary deacons, reception of catechumens, sermon, and explanation and administration of the Sacraments. Tho the meeting was three hours long the interest of the people did not flag.

This revival started about three years ago in the labors of Mrs. Kim the wife of the man elected elder. Blind and uneducated and lightly esteemed because of her sex she lays hold upon God's promises with a faith that puts elder Christians to shame. For a year she labored almost alone. Then, one by one, her brother, who has also been elected an elder, her husband and several women became imbued with her spirit till there was a good company of personal workers.

They attach the greatest importance to prayer. A group of women gathered in the church and prayed continually while we were holding examinations in a little room near by. Assistants in the examinations and others frequently, without ostentation, engaged in private prayer.

One applicant replied that in case of desperate sickness she would not call for an exorcist but for the brethren. It developed on inquiry that it is common for the Christians to go and pray with the sick and sometimes they are called in the middle of the night to go three or four miles.

Four cases of demoniacal possession, real or supposed, have been cured thru the prayers of the women of this church. I think that I never was among such a praying people. They next emphasize instruction in the Truth, the need of a Savior, the sufficiency of Christ's sacrifice, the necessity of faith, the Apostles' Creed, the Lord's Prayer, Ten Commandments, and the Sacraments. After making full use of every church service to instruct the people, Mr. and Mrs. Kim and her brother, Mr. Oh, spent two whole weeks going from village to village to prepare the people for the examinations.

In the third place they are earnest in exhortation. They really act as if they thought that one out of Jesus Christ is lost and that it is their business to save him. They said that there are no backsliders in

that church because some one goes to see one who is absent a single Sunday. There are few workers, even among those who draw full salary, who put in their time in earnest personal work as these voluntary workers do.

There is nothing strange in the prosperity of this church. These servants of God by prayer and good works are fulfilling the conditions of His blessing and are being blessed. The circumstances under which they live and labor are in no wise peculiar. Others can obtain such blessings by the same means. When Hullie builds her new church in Somno and installs new officers will come her time of testing. For her sake and ours may she be prepared for it.

Kunsan, Korea, 1917.

W. B. HARRISON.

RICE CHRISTIANS.

The word is saturated with opprobrium. It is as prickly of meanness as a lusty chestnut-burr. It is simon-pure sarcasm, intended to wound and lacerate the sensibilities of those who are sacrificing to make converts to the Cross, out in the heathen Orient.

They say the phrase was born in China. Maybe so. But I am sure it was born in the heart of a cynic, a blasé world-traveler, who with contemptuous mien, scours the horizon for "failures of Christianity." He can see nought of Christianity in the Orient unless it be the occasional and unavoidable excrudesences, the unfortunate exceptions, which, hawk-like, he sees from afar, swoops down upon, carries away to a distant land there to gloat over, and to taunt.

Take the word "Rice Christian," for instance. Some misanthrope, in some missionary field, at some former date, happened to discover some Chinaman, or Korean or Japanese, who was receiving a salary as teacher, preacher, cook or roustabout, and who withal was believing the "Jesus Doctrine" with might and main and apparently living up to his beliefs. But for some reason or other, the man had to be discharged, and lo and behold, his true colors come out! He leaves the missionary's employ and with it, the missionary's God, goes out and gets him a concubine and begins to scandalize the community by his debauchery. "I told you so," says the professional caviler of Missions. "Perfectly natural," joins in the chorus of know-it-all traducers. "They are Christians for the sake of their bowl of rice, and when the bowl is taken away, they will go back to their former troughs and their former gods," says an owl-like, critical professor from the States. "Rice Christians, that's what these Oriental converts are. They are shallow impostors, and the folks at home are being hood-winked." This last detractor could write a book, —after a fashion. He undertook to write another, in which he coined the phrase, "Rice Christians," and so cleverly was the book written and the calumny spread, that even missionaries came to believe this notorious libel upon the integrity of the people with whom they were living and working.

Now the above quotations are imaginary, but within throwing distance of the facts. I, too, became brow-beaten into silence over the two-edgedness of this term. However, I have since learned better, and no longer am affrighted by this bogey.

We had a rousing Bible Class in these parts, not long ago. Among many new shocks that thrilled me, was the surprise upon seeing so many so-called "Rice Christians" in faithful attendance upon this twelve day class. It set me to figuring and jotting down notes. Do those discharged or relieved of their salary give up their religion? Here is the answer.

Take our discharged hospital-preacher. He had become a problem. He was growing lazy and inefficient. He had to give way to a better man. He did so, moving away into the country in a town where there was no church. During those several years he has started a group of believers in his own house, has nurtured them and this year the town will probably see a new church building. How is that for "Rice Christianity"?

Then there is another old father in Israel, who was a Bible Seller, with no asset but a clean heart and a winsome smile. On the strength of these two attributes he lasted several years, when he too had to step down and out. It hurt him. It hurt me too, for my love for him was unfeigned and sincere,—he was so good and gentle. Did he go back and caper up? Not at all. He went to farming, is the pillar of his local church and his own son has since come home and started a little school within the church.

Then there is another Bible-seller who went into the medicine-business and who of his own accord went out to a near-by village and after a year's difficult and faithful service, succeeded in rearing a church and housing them in a commodious structure; and to this day, it is the best church among those tributary to our central city church. Moreover, when he moved away into another territory, without compulsion or even suggestion from his former "masters," he volunteered to look after a weak church about four miles from his home, to which he goes every Sunday.

And what shall I say of the former secretary to a missionary, who later went into the banking business and real-estate, and who is now the pillar of our church. He is treasurer, and a busy one, and right-wheel to every big, church enterprise. Just yesterday he became vice-principal to our Boy's School, entailing much detailed work and with no emoluments attached.

Then there is a former teacher of athletics in our Boy's School, a tall, lean, cadaverous individual, who was formerly in the Korean Army. I had to "fire" him, but he still is a faithful attendant at the church, as is also a young man, a former cook of ours, who after our moving to Pyengyang, fell into bad ways, stole right and left, and was jailed for a year or so. He is now working for a heathen, and yet it is a rare thing for him to miss my Sunday School Class in the morning, or the Church services.

Another remarkable case, is the church janitor who could not live

on the mere pittance that was given him and who went out to become a rickshaw coolie. He not only has stayed by the church, but has become a strong supporter of a little chapel outside our West Gate. A former hospital gate-man also went out to become a coolie and pull rickshaws. I had worried over this brother particularly, for he was a class-leader, and with secret prayer and a few words of counsel I stood off and watched his fight. He won out and decided to keep the Sabbath and serve God faithfully. Imagine my surprise when he once refused to get rickshaws for me and my family on our way to the boat-landing because it was eleven o'clock on Sunday night, and still Sunday. I grasped his hand in exuberant emotion, for I felt the man was safe. And safe he is to this day. He told me he had decided to hold his religion, if he had to starve. I notice the Lord is not letting him starve. Was there ever a better chance for a man to become a "Rice-Christian"?

But I must stop and merely enumerate a few more who come to my mind at this time. There is our former woman who cared for our children, but whom we had to discharge against her wishes; also a former Bible woman and a former seller of Bibles. These three women are all pillars in our local church to this day. Two of them are Sunday School teachers and one is a Class-leader.

Now I am not maintaining that we have no apostates among us. They are here as well as everywhere. We have them as you have them in America or England. But I do stoutly declare that we have so few of them as to set off the amazing fidelity of the majority with greater color and glory.

The fact of the matter is, so few are the recreants, that though I have been wracking my brain for ever so long I am able to call to mind no single paid Korean believer, (I mean paid directly by a missionary, and in his employ), who ever became a hostile antagonist of his former religion. And I can enumerate only a few who later became indifferent and only one who really became a scandal. But there are many more brilliant examples of faithfulness than those I have mentioned. Time being short and memory weak I can produce no more at present.

A real Christian is as true to his Christ as the dial to the sun, and the needle to the pole. Whenever you find such a Christian, in any land, you will find that salary is an incidental matter and not the crux of the situation. For staunch adherence to the vital and hard-to-keep principles of the Christian religion, let me recommend you to the Korean Christian. The stigma of "Rice Christians" is unfair and untrue. I denounce it as a notorious libel. As Bishop Taylor said in somewhat similar circumstance; "I deny the allegation and denounce the *alligators*."

PAUL L. GROVE.

GOOD NEWS FROM ANDONG.

The Cornelius Baker Memorial Hospital erected by Mrs. A. F. Schaffier in honor of her father has passed its first year and a half of service to a needy people. The four dispensary rooms in the basement were occupied in January 1915 but the difficulty in bringing the heating plant and pressure tank water systems up a hundred miles of shallow river and their subsequent installation by the doctor himself, delayed the hospital opening until Nov. 4th, 1915. Some eighty invited guests, including all the Japanese dignitaries of the city and leading Koreans, gathered to listen to a program whose main features were an address in the National language by Dr. T. C. Winn, the veteran missionary, and a response by the head physician of the local Government hospital. Rev. J. Y. Crothers and Pastor Kim gave the Korean address and response while Rev. A. G. Welbon pronounced the dedicatory prayer. After the inspection of the entire plant, the guests repaired to the dispensary rooms where an elaborate tray lunch was served by the ladies of the station.

The hospital building is of red and gray brick, 35 x 70 feet, and three stories in height, as the entire basement is above ground. Large wards and private rooms, office, laboratory, work and storerooms, and wide halls give ample facilities for caring for thirty in-patients, and five detached Korean buildings, house the force and provide two rooms each for men and women who need only daily dressings. The building is completely furnished and as funds are available the surgical equipment is being increased, a large National Pressure sterilizer being the latest arrival.

The statistics up to the close of the Mission year, June 1st, were fairly satisfactory though to an outsider they may have appeared small. The doctor had no trained assistants, the nursing and operating room work being done by the Bible woman and Mrs. Smith, neither of whom had had training along that line.

After an enforced closing of the hospital in August, pending the drainage by the county authorities of a stagnant lake on the grounds due to the excessive rainy season, a vacation and attendance upon Annual Meeting and a month's serious illness of the physician, while in Seoul, it was not until the last of October that the hospital was opened again. But a trained Korean nurse is on hand and a year's experience has made the two men helpers more skillful, so, when the physician's strength again returns, the work gives promise of large increase.

Because of the pitiful poverty of the majority of the people in the Andong district, it will be some time before fees pay even for drugs and supplies, but the hospital is winning friends who are making real sacrifices to pay what seems to American minds a mere pittance, \$1 to \$3, for operating fees. Letters have been sent out to all the churches asking them to be financially responsible for any of their own poor who come in for treatment and we hope through the generosity of the station members to be able to care for the unbelievers who come in with empty hands.

LENA McLANE SMITH.

MEDICAL PRACTICE IN CHOSEN.

The conditions of medical practice in Chosen are changing so rapidly that former methods are proving insufficient. In one of our stations we have a modern hospital equipped for thirty patients. Perhaps in former days one physician and his assistants could conduct a work of that size, the best they could do being sufficient, because there was no one to do more. What the physician was unable to do had to go undone and per contra whatever he was able to accomplish was so much clear gain for the community. The physician may have been tempted to minimize his failures and shortcomings by the preponderance of successes, partial or complete, and the belief (possibly with a modicum of unjustified self-conceit) that anything he might do was better than any native treatment obtainable. Many conditions were and are but partially or inadequately treated because of lack of time and facilities for a thorough consideration of each case.

To-day that station has also a flourishing Government hospital. Monopoly of the field has given place to competition. On occasion a patient will visit both institutions for diagnosis before deciding where he will be treated. Or, having been treated at one institution without, to his mind, proper results, he may apply to the other. The community is forming and at times expressing its opinion of the two institutions and the benefits it may hope to receive from each. Comparisons are being made more and more frequently, and not by any means do they always favor the foreign hospital. The Government hospital has three registered physicians to our one and several trained nurses to our one. Because of their larger force, they treat from three to five times as many patients as we. By reason of large clinics and more adequate financial support, they are able to render more unremunerated charity service than we. By reason of its Government backing and the advantages inherent in its being operated by Orientals for Orientals in semi-Oriental style the Government hospital is able to handle a larger number of patients for the same amount of money than we could possibly do. We cannot hope to compete with them on a financial basis. Perhaps we will always be obliged to demand as much if not more financial remuneration for our work than they. The further carrying on of our work can never be justified on the grounds of its cheapness nor even of its efficiency. Were it not for the evangelistic side of the work and the relation of the hospital and its work to the furtherance of the Kingdom it would be wiser to transfer our patients to the Government and withdraw at once.

But if the evangelistic needs and returns are sufficient to justify the further carrying on of the medical work (and the fundamental basis on which the work is done is that they are) we must not lose sight of the existing conditions, of which the all inclusive term of description is "competition." To carry on the work on this competitive basis we must have better financial support and better manning of the institution. Of course a larger hospital staff will necessitate larger appropriations for running expenses. Every additional patient means additional outlay. But

even if the hospital must be operated indefinitely as a one man institution, the Board appropriation must be increased very materially if the work is to exist at all for many years more. Continued existence on the present basis and continued operation under present financial conditions is absolutely impossible in view of the increasing demands for more thorough diagnosis and treatment resulting from the conditions of competition which none of us should belittle or decry. The result will be as it should be, either increased efficiency or yielding of the field to those who are able to meet the conditions. Do the Mission and the Board consider the hospital sufficiently important from the evangelistic standpoint to grant the increased financial support which must come at once if the work is to continue at all, even on a one man basis?

But aside from any question of finances, the increasing competition demands better manning of the institution. Its very existence depends upon its being made a two man plant. There are men who, with a given number of trained native assistants, can build up an adequate, efficient institution, and carry on a work with a uniformly high standard of excellence even without a single fellow-worker with the same training and language. Unfortunately, not all come in that class. Perhaps the majority of us need the spur of inspiration and enthusiasm which comes only from contact with our fellow workers. Tempted, under the old conditions, to give cursory examinations and place treatments, to do oftentimes that which fell short of the best, because of lack of time, pressure of work or the lethargy of stagnation to which the isolated medical man is so subject, how much more are we to-day tempted to pass by the hard cases by reason of the very conditions which are demanding greater efficiency and which, because of inadequate facilities and insufficient assistance, make it oftentimes wiser to pass by a difficult surgical case rather than make an attempt which might prove unsuccessful. The result is that we are often over-cautious or perhaps better say over-timid. But no one other than the physician himself knows the responsibility which he assumes when, alone in his mountain retreat, far from the railroad, consultation and assistants, he undertakes some serious operation in the hope of alleviating suffering or prolonging life. None but he can understand the feeling which comes over him, when, travelling alone along a country road, he meets a man who's salutation is "Why did you kill my wife?" Is it any wonder that the man who begins his work by bravely and fearlessly tackling almost every surgical case which comes to him, ere long begins to select for his operations the hernias, rectal fistulas and bone cases, passing by some of the harder cases which in his verdant enthusiasm and inexperience he attempted? But our competitors can handle those cases. Why? "In union there is strength" and they have the necessary inspiration and self confidence which come from consultation and coöperation. And that self-confidence and success must be ours if our work is to longer continue. But it cannot come in a one man hospital unless that one man be the exception.

Increasing familiarity of the native population with the advantages of western medical science is bringing to our hospitals and dispensaries

surgical conditions which, formerly, if they came at all, came too late for successful treatment. More careful and efficient diagnosis by means of better equipped and operated laboratories will reveal the conditions in earlier stages so that surgery will be able to offer more hope of alleviation. The successful hospital must needs do a far larger amount of abdominal surgery than has been done in the past. But one man alone, even though he have had the proper training, cannot do that class of work successfully and adequately if, perchance, he have the nerve to attempt it at all.

The Christian hospital cannot stand for second rate work. It must do the best and that best must be increasingly better. Anything short of that can only detract from its evangelistic efficiency; yea, it may even be a very serious deterrent to the spread of the Gospel, and the growth of the Kingdom.

If the present available means and agencies are insufficient to equip, man and operate our existing medical plants, the only alternative left is retrenchment and concentration in order that the institutions which are to be operated may be brought up to that standard of efficiency which the exigencies of the situation are making increasingly imperative.

Unless the Mission and the Board speedily sense the situation more keenly than they apparently do at present, they will awake at some sorrowful Annual Meeting not far distant to the realization that their medical work has become a useless tool, having a form of efficiency but denying the power thereof.

R. K. SMITH.

“SOMEWHERE IN KOREA.”

V.

During my first year on the field I embraced every opportunity to follow the directions of my elders in the matter of the language, and in addition to regular study, I made several itinerating trips to the country. So it should have caused no unusual stir when I decided just before Christmas to make a visit again to two churches which had attracted my special attention in the fall. I say it *should* have caused no stir, it would be contrary to the fact to say that it *did* not. Three-Years, in whose field the churches lay, went so far as to tell me that I would do no good as I didn't have the language; that I would have to have a load coolie which would entail disproportionate expense, and that I might miss the Christmas dinner, and some others accused me of ulterior motives. Free as I was from such, I will say frankly that I did have a purpose in going (I usually had purposes in what I did), and a will of my own, and in spite of insinuating remarks, I procured the loan of one of the mission steeds, and in lieu of a load coolie which I did *not* need or want, I had a small lunch tied on my saddle and also a steamer rug in case I should need cover. One meal for the middle of the day was all I needed, for I expect-

ed to meet with an itinerating party that night. I knew the ground and I knew my horse ; that day I had only thirty-six miles to make, and the next day my course turned homeward.

The horse I procured was Prince, so called probably from his unprincely qualities, unless it were princely to be mortally lazy and ravenous ; besides he was getting aged. Having gradually become acquainted with Prince I provided myself with a bunch of stiff bamboo switches, which I tied on the saddle and used continually. Rarely could Prince be induced to get out of his walk, a fact which I did not mind so much as his trot which was unbearable. I am not of a cruel nature and could well have been a member of the Humane Society in America, but one has to adapt himself to more local conditions than merely the climate and the language.

The day was cold and every little while a flurry of snow would be blown over by the wind which fairly went through one. Had it not been for my vigorous exercise of arms and feet in keeping his highness on the move I would have almost frozen. Our start had been planned early, but my worthy steed had gotten wise to the fact in some way, and when I went to get him after my own breakfast he had only just begun his barley. The old guy—he knew I wouldn't have the heart to take him away from a meal on a cold morning. And so it was rather late as we left the compound, and much to my disgust I met several missionaries who again tried to give me some last good advice. If I was so crazy as to go to the country why hadn't I gone out the week before, instead of leaving when everyone was getting ready for the Korean special service in the church. But as I have stated, I had my own purposes, and finally passed out of sight of the compound, having at least turned down pretty sharply my would-be interrupters, if I had not satisfied them.

Thirty-six miles pass the more quickly, perhaps, when one's mind is occupied with thoughts of the end of the day, and one's body is busy beating one's steed. It began to grow dark before I had covered the distance by some miles, I judged, and it was then that I began to feel just a little less sure of my way, and having become chilled in spite of my exercise, I dismounted and began to enquire for my road. No one knew that I was coming, so there would be no one out to hunt me up ; it was up to me and Prince. However, I hadn't learned to trust him, and when he tried to turn in at a number of places, I resisted, and made further enquiries.

"Head Mountain village? Oh, it's right over there," and when I went "right over there" I would be sent back over here, or over yonder, till I didn't know whether I was on this side or the other side of the place, or whether I had no direct connection with it.

As it grew later I became more desperate, and when at last I enquired at a house, and the reply was, "I don't know," I asked for shelter and food for my horse. Till then the door had not been even opened though they could tell it was a foreigner, (at least, at that stage, my language was not perfect), but now a head was thrust out to survey me and my ware. Had he no room? As he vociferously shook his head

and shouted "no" at me the door opened wider, and I could see eight heads stretched up as if they all belonged to some monster ogre, and besides felt rather than saw the presence of innumerable children, with a dog or two, with a strong suspicion of other animals, and caught a whiff of foul smelly air that was likely to taint the whole outdoors, so that I would fain have had the door closed at once. I knew that the man was not lying, especially as this was his whole house—except a small room for the women. Neither did he have horse food, though I asked for flies instead of barley, and had to go through motions pointing at the horse and working my jaws. I knew how King Henry felt when turned down by the pope, and I sympathized deeply with the old royal head; however, I proposed no barefoot scheme, and turned away after having persuaded several of the heads of my good ogre to sell me a box of matches, though some of them seemed to doubt the propriety of doing even that much.

Where to go for the night? Prince could hardly be dragged away; he would have had no objection to making an extra member of the family; nevertheless, I wasn't going to sleep in my friend's front yard however much I might wish to gratify my noble steed, so tugging at his bridle, we betook ourselves up the road.

Not far off I came to what I took for an inn, but upon some shouting and investigation, found it was an abandoned one, and pretty well worth abandoning. However, there was little choice, so with the aid of matches I got to what used to be the parlor, tied his royal highness in the room beside, and began to prepare for the night. I had two rolls left from lunch, and having nothing else to give my faithful steed, I divided up these with him. He was more grateful than I had ever known him to be before, but whether it was the jam or quality of wheat flour, he wanted more, and no sooner had I left him than he began to express himself by beginning to pull down his side of the wall, and all during the rest of the night I would hear him pulling off bamboo and knocking things to pieces generally. I went out, gathered in some brush, and made a blaze on the old parlor floor, then wrapped myself up in the steamer robe and tried to take a snooze. Oh, it was cold! The first part of the night I had begun to think about what a wonderful story of hardship I would have to tell now, and had regretted that I had sometimes given way to just the barest trifle of exaggeration in some of my former stories (and when hard pressed, had admitted the same), for this far outdid anything I had ever said since I had been born, and some might be a little skeptical. This regret did not trouble me for long, however, for I began to wonder how I would ever get through the night at all. As the day had passed quickly in anticipation, so the night passed the more slowly that in addition to my other ills galore I had added the greatest one of disappointment. Every thirty minutes or so I had to go to get brush and start up or rekindle a blaze as the case might be. The last time I slept a few minutes longer than usual, and when I went for the brush the first faint streaks of dawn were beginning to appear.

Some day I may add more to my story, for there is the best chap-

ter of all left out here, but my real hardships had passed for the night, and as this is written to show my wonderful powers of endurance—though I don't always sleep in abandoned inns on rock floors with no covering when I go to the country—and what may happen to us any day if we don't follow the advice of those who have been out longer than we ; since this, I say, is my purpose, I must close. Lest you might have undue anxiety about the matter, and lest you may think me still in the country at the mercy of his princeship and my ogre, I will say that I reached home for the Christmas dinner, nor had my presence been really missed at the Korean church, for a fellow with no more language than I, would have been of little use in any case.

“N. Y. F.” KOREA.

IMPRESSIONS.

In 1892, I was walking the Atlantic beach in Florida, trying to find a reason for being there and *not* on my way to the place appointed by Bishop Thoburn.

I despaired of a solution to the problem so decided to grieve no longer because I could not do the one thing I wanted to do, and to look for some one to be my substitute in the field. But I prayed that at *some* time, in some capacity, I might be allowed to enter the foreign field.

A ten year old boy, who was in my school, is now my substitute, and has been at work in “darkest Africa” for two years; and God opened the way for me to come to Seoul as teacher of the Foreign School.

Late in September we reached Seoul. My aunt and cousin bade me farewell and went on to Pyeng Yang. In a dazed sort of way, I realized that I was being welcomed to Seoul. Half the committee and several others met me there. I was taken to a hotel, where Mrs. Deming and I had a little chat, and I was made to feel very much at home.

The next day I was not allowed to get lonesome, for I had callers, went to the Union, had supper at a missionary's home, went to the Choral Union, and spent the night at another home, went sightseeing all the morning and had callers all the afternoon.

My first Sunday was spent in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Toms—friends of my youngest brother, and it was a very delightful day.

I was surprised to find a foreign church, because I thot one of the hardships of the foreign field was the fact that missionaries seldom heard the Word preached in their own tongue. Of course that is true yet, in isolated places. The weekly prayer-meetings have a charm about them that no other meetings I ever attended have had because of the lack of sameness that we have at home. Each meeting stands out clearly in my mind because of something said that left a lasting impression.

The Seoul Union is a fine place to enjoy one's self socially, and the Musical Union is one of the best societies of its kind I ever knew.

It has come to me over and over that Seoul's missionaries have much to be thankful for in that they are so numerous and so united. Surely union gives strength.

I was glad to begin work the next morning, for work is a wonderful help in "finding yourself" in a strange country.

Miss Gertrude Hardie had already opened the primary department, much to my delight, for I had expected to have *all* the work, and the nearer I came to Seoul, the greater the undertaking had seemed.

I have had just as good boys and girls and just as studious ones before, but I never had so many in one school at the same time. The children are politer and more obedient than the average children in America and they are more interested in their work.

If I found pleasure in helping one boy decide to be a missionary, imagine my delight in finding *nine children* in my room alone, already planning to be missionaries!

In 1891, I had a vivid description of life in Korea from Dr. Meta Howard of Albion, Michigan. She spent several years here in the eighties.

I can see there has been a great change in the manner of life among the missionaries since her day. I am glad to see the comfortable homes, time for recreation and the social life. I have heard missionaries severely criticized for "filling their homes with servants and living lives of ease." I've seen something of their "lives of ease," and also how often they wish they could do without servants, but the "necessary evil" must be endured in order to accomplish the work the missionary came to do. The busiest people of America would open their eyes if they saw some of the "lives of ease" I have seen here.

I have frequently been asked how the Koreans impressed me. The men made a deep impression on me by the way they strut! I noticed that at Fusan. It took me sometime to remember where I had seen a similar strut! Finally, a mental picture taken in Florida a year ago flashed on my mind. A little dry goods store, a very much overgrown negro boy leaning over the counter, when a small boy of a slightly light shade of skin came in, hit the other with his cap and said—"Hello, Sambo." Sambo suddenly sat on a stool, looked down from that height and said—"Sambo nothin. I ain't Sambo, I's *Mistah Sambo Johnsing!* Ef yo cain't call me dat, yo needn't call me nothin!" Then gathering his lankness together, sticking his hat on the side of his head, and his fingers under his galluses, he strutted off—just like a Korean! No one would guess to see Koreans walk that they were a people without a national government. Their small, uncomfortable looking houses seem unworthy of men with such a strut.

The women that I have seen working seem such pitiful creatures. I would like to help them learn to live and do their work by better methods.

The children on the streets seem dirty and I would like to present each one with a big, clean handkerchief, to say nothing of soap and towels.

Everything that I heard at first seemed to end in a wail! Every-

thing I smelled seemed to have a very disagreeable odor. I have never been able to boil down that smell so I could analyze it. Seems as tho, if I could get the right reagent, so that I could make a precipitate of it, I might be able to find the unknown quantity !

SUE HOPKINS,
East Gate, Seoul.

THE PROHIBITION OF TOBACCO.*

When God, omniscient and omnipotent, created all things, he especially loved men and women, providing them with superior bodies and immortal souls, and giving them dominion over all other creatures. He supplied good things to drink, to eat and to use ; but in spite of this some men and women use tobacco.

This habit has prevailed in all ages and among every tribe on earth, until some people think tobacco is indispensable. Yet it is very injurious, according to the four following considerations.

1. In the first place tobacco injures the body because the smoke makes the heart beat irregularly and feebly. The lustre of the eyes and the glow of the epidermis are lost. When the smoke goes thru the air-cells of the lungs it is very injurious. Tobacco prevents the perfect development of the bones and muscles, so boys who are addicted to the habit become weak and stunted. Tobacco sometimes causes diseases of the organs of taste and hearing. It weakens the stomach and impairs digestion. It also injures the nervous system, stultifies the brain, causing headache and lethargy, and dulls the reason and memory.

Even the poisonous snake succumbs, when it is fed the smoking sap of the pipe. So it is with men. The poison spreads thru the entire body, prevents its development, hinders its use, and impairs the mind. Finally nothing remains but death, like the poisonous snake.

2. Secondly, tobacco hinders a young man's career. If any one desires to become a public benefactor, he must not use tobacco ; because it not only injures the body, but also prevents the achievement of worthy deeds. A man born into this world has responsibilities to society and duties to his country ; but the tobacco habit destroys his valuable body and makes it useless. Bodies and brains worthy of learned scholars and statesmen become dwarfed and dull, fit only for ignorance and disgrace.

In this competitive period of the twentieth century, every man desires to succeed or to become a leader ; he disdains to be a slave or an inferior. Yet many men become slaves of this little weed, chained in its bondage, so they cannot use their bodies as they will. With benumbed sensibilities they remain contented with their loss of liberty and regard their tyrant more desirable than their food. Thus they cannot perform a man's daily work or fulfil a man's responsibility in life. Lazy in body and mind they disregard important engagements and

* An essay written by a Korean student and translated by Dr. W. Carl Rufus.

spend the time which is more valuable than gold merely in blowing curls of poisonous smoke. Under such conditions as these how can they plan great affairs of state or become the leaders of society?

3. Thirdly, the tobacco habit is detrimental to the financial welfare of the country. Consider the enormous expense! Suppose two-thirds of our 20,000,000 population use tobacco; estimating their expenditure at two *sen* per day, the total consumption for one year reaches the incomprehensible sum of 100,000,000 *yen*. Think of the land that is wasted! On an average of one *tsubo* per man a total of more than 10,000,000 *tsubo* of good farm is wasted every year to raise an obnoxious plant to undermine the national prosperity and destroy the character of our citizens.

The money expended foolishly would feed all the poor and needy of our country and the land used perniciously would supply all the homeless of our race. Then we should have a happy country without a wandering beggar or a hungry child. But in spite of this we continue to live complacently and waste the national wealth in lavish fumes.

4. In the fourth place, smoking is injurious to souls. Sin steals in thru the use of tobacco. A young man, who was beginning to smoke, hid his cigarette when he met his master; thus he learned to be a cheat and a fraud. But all men know that a bad habit can not be concealed from God, so they insult him and learn to disregard his presence and become fearless in evil deeds.

Moreover the effect of a man's evil conduct remains after he has departed. The sin of a father visits the third or fourth generation of his sons. So a smoker not only injures his own body and soul, but also transmits a degenerated body and impaired mind to his sons; and in this way future generations easily acquire diseased bodies, impure minds and depraved souls.

It is also written: "Your bodies are the temple of the Holy Spirit." How then can we defile our bodies? It is a sin against the Holy Spirit. It is a device of Satan to injure men's bodies and to destroy their souls. But men are falling into this trap daily, and finally they go the way of the lost.

How sad! How shameful! Men do not realize that the tobacco habit means the same as stunted bodies, lost opportunities, wasted finances and lost souls. The pipe is a little insignificant thing, but it devastates countries and makes inefficient men. An Oriental maxim says: "Hundreds of blind men can not compare with a single Lee Loo, and hundreds of deaf men can not compare with a single Sa Kwang." (Men noted for keen sight and hearing.) Therefore thousands of smoking men are not as valuable to their country as one perfect individual.

Fellow countrymen, it is my hope that our bodies may be superior to others, that our country may be more wealthy than others, that our people may be more godly than others. If we, 20,000,000 strong, should prohibit the use of tobacco and become perfect in body, mind and soul; we could be an example for all the Orient and Occident. Let us consider it carefully, work for it incessantly, and expect it confidently.

SUGGESTIONS TO MISSIONARIES REGARDING HEALTH AND DISEASE.

"Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost." 1st Cor. 6: 19. God said to his chosen people away back in Egypt "If thou wilt diligently hearken to the voice of the Lord thy God, and wilt do that which is right in his sight, and wilt give ear to his commandments, and keep all his statutes, I will put none of these diseases upon thee which I have brought upon the Egyptians: for I am the Lord that healeth thee." Ex. 15: 26. John's wish to Gaius was "Beloved I wish above all things that thou mayest prosper and BE IN HEALTH, even as thy soul prospereth," 3rd Jno. 2.

With these words before us it certainly behooves us missionaries to be on the alert as to the preservation of our health and keep to up with the times as to the prevention of disease. Lack of knowledge at our hands or indifference to the same will cause much unnecessary suffering.

Four essentials to good health are cleanliness, good food, exercise and sound sleep. Here in the East we can truly appreciate that "Cleanliness is next to godliness." Long life and worry are incompatible. Especially out here should we avoid all unnecessary worry. If worry is preventing sleep we should get at the cause and remove it or call on the doctor.

As there have been so many cases of sprue in Korea of late, naturally we should look into the cause of this serious malady and do all possible to prevent it. Dont forget the old "Ounce of prevention." I am sorry to say that it has never been determined just what the cause of sprue can be. The text books give a long list of possibilities; climatic, fungi, parasites, food, worry, and many others. Many think that bad light bread is the cause. It is true that in sprue, yeast and fermentation are very prominent features. The making of good light bread is certainly an important matter. The eating of very much hot light bread or poor bread should be avoided. Some have found it very difficult to make good bread from flour bought here, locally. Good wholesome bread can be made from freshly ground grain, whole wheat $1/3$ and good flour $2/3$. Usually we get too little bran. Pyorrhoea alveolis (a disease of the teeth) is thought by some to be a factor in the cause of sprue. The care of the teeth is a most important matter in good health and they should be examined occasionally for this and other troubles. Any derangement of the bowels should receive prompt attention by your physician, for you hardly know what trouble may be the opening wedge for sprue. Intestinal parasites are not greatly to be feared, if promptly treated, but if left untreated they may lead to this trouble and others as well. We should certainly avoid the use of raw native vegetables.

It is not safe to eat the native kimchy (pickle) for worm eggs are gotten in this way. Going barefooted is a risk also, as hookworm enters the body by passing thru the soles of feet exposed to the infected ground. There is another worm quite common among the natives which they call togil (Distoma) and this is gotten by eating raw or partly cooked crab.

This worm inhabits the lung and is very difficult to get rid of, once having entered; so we should by all means avoid this little beast. All should be examined once or twice a year for intestinal parasites.

There is a great deal of unnecessary fear wasted on the danger of infection by leprosy. Leprosy has a very low degree of contagion and really has to be almost rubbed in "to take." With a fair degree of cleanliness this, as well as most of the kin diseases, can be avoided. It is distinctly a disease of the lower classes whose hygienic surroundings are poor. One could take up his abode in a leper's room for 6 months with very little danger of infection.

A few "Don'ts":

Don't worry.

Don't drink unboiled water while itinerating.

Don't sit around the office or school all day.

Don't take less than two baths a week.

Don't put your finger in your mouth (so often.)

Don't eat quite so much.

Don't get less than six hours sleep.

THINGS KOREAN.

HOSPITAL ECHOES.

However much we may think ourselves hardened, by many years of too often disappointing experience, to very little belief in our fellowmen, still, once in a while, we run across some little bit of human kindness, so real and lovable that it seems to somehow loosen the tight lines around our mouths and our hearts, and make us feel years younger because fuller of childlike faith.

About Christmas time all the poor patients in Severance Hospital had a visitor one afternoon. From ward to ward he went, making inquiries and noting down names, introducing himself to those in authority merely as a messenger from a former wealthy patient. And then, a few days later, one of those bitter cold January afternoons, he came again, with a hand full of carefully addressed envelopes, each enclosing a gift of fifty *sen* for each one of all the poor patients from that richer brother who had not forgotten how it felt to be sick, and who was sharing with them a little of what he had to spare.

But in one ward there was a new patient, just admitted, for whom there was no envelope, and the casual glance of another visitor,—also a Korean,—happened to fall just then upon that new patient's sorrowful face. So, crossing the room, he quietly put fifty *sen* of his own into the hand of the left-out one, and everybody was happy!

The incident brought to mind another, quite as friendly and just as true, that occurred some years ago in a mission hospital in southern

Korea. One of the patients had come from about thirty-five miles in the country, followed for that long three days' journey by his old mother. Now, the doctor said he could do nothing further for the son, he might as well go home, to await the end. Between the two of them they scraped up enough for railway fare for the sick man, but there was not enough for the mother's trip too. So the old woman, in deep distress for fear of his needing her care on the train, was planning to take her wintry way home alone, when another plan was hit upon by the patients themselves. Somebody started it, and one after another their small money bags were opened, and out of their pitiful little funds nearly a *yen* was contributed, and when a smiling little Japanese woman added a whole *yen* from under her pillow,—the thing was done!

So the old mother travelled home with her dying son, touched and comforted not only by the help but by the sympathy it expressed.

As both of these stories are hospital echoes, may it not be that even when patients are not apparently reached by the gospel they have caught a little of the Christ spirit from the kindly atmosphere around them?

S. B. DANIEL.

CORRESPONDENCE.

1542 Washburne Avenue,
Chicago, Ill.

My dear DECAMP,

It is an age since I have written you, but the fine little KOREA MISSION FIELD comes regularly and keeps me in touch with the work you are doing. I am more and more interested in your magazine. It is full of very interesting articles and so different each from the other, wille some are so humorous and others so realistic that I greatly enjoy reading them. Your own editorials I see have been complimented and I want to congratulate you. I think you are doing a splendid work.....

As ever and always,

JAS. T. FORD.

A. CORRECTION.

Hoi Ryung, Korea,
April 17th, 1917.

Dear Mr. DECAMP,

I was very much interested in Mr. Soltau's article in the March number of the KOREA MISSION FIELD as his work is somewhat similar to that of our Yong Jung Station which immediately adjoins ours here and in which I had the pleasure of assisting a little this winter. I wish, however, to make one correction.

Mr. Soltau says that Kangkai is the most northern as well as the most isolated Station in Korea. Now a reference to the map shows at once, that Hoi Ryung is more than a degree further north. We make no claim to isolation because we are to have a railroad in here, before long, but we can claim to be the furthestmost north. Then, our Yong Jung work is still further northward in Manchuria. It is not necessary to publish this unless you see fit to abbreviate it.

Sincerely yours,

E. J. O. FRASER.

Songdo, Korea,
April 16th, 1917.

Rev. A. F. DeCAMP,
Seoul, Korea.

Dear Brother,

The next meeting of the Christian Educational Association of Korea will be held at Songdo June 7-8.

An interesting program is being arranged. All persons interested in the Educational Work of the missions working in Korea are invited to be present. Guests are requested to notify the secretary of the association, Mr. A. W. Wasson, of their coming in advance so arrangements can be made for their entertainment.

Under separate cover I am sending you a copy of the minutes of the last meeting. It will be appreciated if you will put a notice of the coming meeting in the Korea Field.

Sincerely,

A. W. WASSON.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

Last February a large representative committee was constituted, consisting of Koreans and foreign Missionaries to consider the feasibility of an evangelistic effort in behalf of the city of Seoul. Two weeks later the committee reported that such effort was desirable and practicable and initial preparatory efforts were recommended to become at once operative, others to follow later and the actual movement to be inaugurated in the Fall. It is hoped that all Christians, not alone in Seoul but throughout Korea, will prayerfully remember this enterprise.

Miss Mary E. Appenzeller, the youngest daughter of Rev. and Mrs. H. G. Appenzeller, pioneer members of the Methodist Episcopal Mission in Korea, has just come back to the land of her childhood. She is contract teacher of Domestic Science at Ewha Haktang. Miss Alice Appenzeller has been back in the missionary service for two years, and the brother, Henry, expects to join the same mission sometime this spring. The remaining sister, Ida, is under appointment to Japan.

The hearts of those conducting Research Work in the Severance Union Medical College were made glad recently by a special gift of 2,500.00 yen from Mr. J. L. Severance and Mrs. D. P. Allen to cover the expenses of the fiscal year ending March 31, 1917, and the promise of a favorable consideration of the request for a further sum for the year beginning April 1st.

This Research Work is carried on in all the departments but it is under the supervision of a Committee consisting of Dr. R. G. Mills, Dr. J. D. Van Buskirk, Dr. A. I. Ludlow and Dr. F. W. Schofield with Dr. Mills as Chairman.

After a thorough consideration of the proposed Charter for the Chosen Christian College the Joint Committee on Education in America voted to approve it and then forwarded it to the various Foreign Mission Boards in the U.S.A. and Canada concerned in it. All of those bodies, five in member, viz. the American Presbyterian North, American Presbyterian South, American Methodist Episcopal North, American Methodist Episcopal South and Canadian Presbyterian, voted in favor of approval and these decisions were officially transmitted to the Acting President of the College by Rev. Dr. F. M. North, Chairman of the Joint Committee.

The Board of Managers of the College at once met and took steps for completing the organisation by making formal application for registration as a Special School (Semimon Gakko) under the Educational Regulations of the Government General.

It is expected that the Charter will be granted in time for the College to begin the New School Year (April 1st) under its provisions.

Miss Jane Samuel, missionary at Syen Chun, Korea, late in January was brought down to the Severance Hospital, at Seoul, in great physical distress. Her ailment could not be ascertained and the sufferer continued to grow steadily worse. At the weekly prayer meeting service of the Seoul missionaries, February 8th, Dr. Avison arose and stated her critical condition saying that she was "gradually sinking" and must have help soon if ever and requested prayer in her behalf. Not alone did friends in Seoul continue to bear up her case in prayer, but the friends in Syen Chun, both missionaries and natives offered manifold and continuous prayer in her behalf. In a few days the crisis had passed and amendment began. Intermittent high fever, with cessation of it for a week or so, has been the order, but in the meantime improvement had been made, sufficient to warrant an operation which was made on the afternoon of 21st of April when, as had been surmised, gall stone was found to be the trouble. At this writing, Monday April 23rd, Miss Samuel's condition is considered precarious, though by no means without hope.

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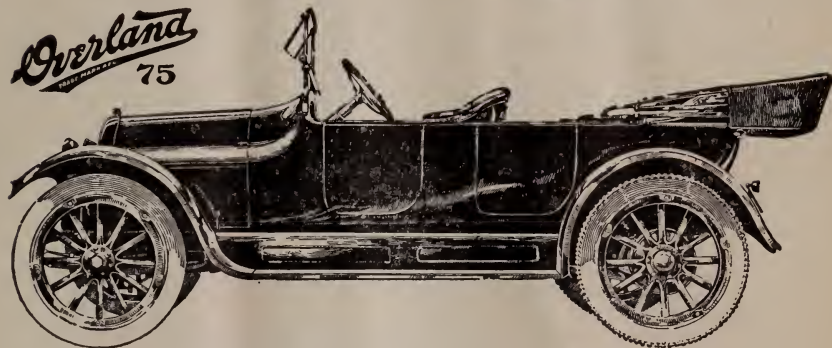
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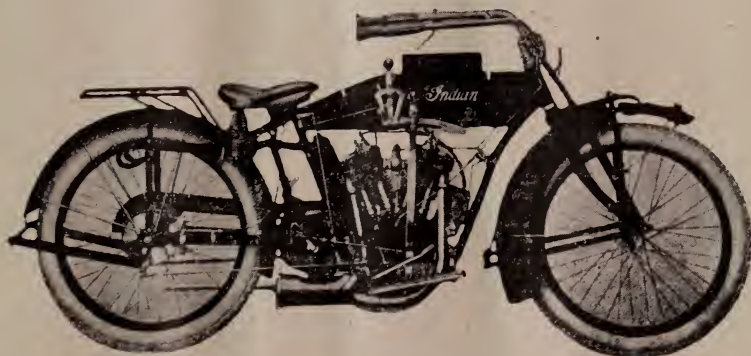
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